MOTHER EARTH

Vol. IX. October, 1914 No. 8

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FIRST ANNUAL BALL AND BAZAAR

of the

Anti - Militarist League

OF GREATER NEW YORK

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. IX **OCTOBER, 1914** **No. 8**

TO OUR COMRADES AND FRIENDS

YOU will notice by the new address above that MOTHER EARTH has again changed quarters—the fifth time in the course of its life.

Standing, as our magazine does, for unpopular views, it is but natural that it should not remain stationary, either in the rut of a permanent home or in the still deeper rut of settled ideas. Hence it must be on the move, always.

To make any kind of a change in our complex social system to-day involves a tremendous cost. And while one gladly pays the price for one's inner growth, one is not always in a position to meet the heavy outlay every new step demands.

But for the fact that our old quarters proved too great a burden to carry, the removal would have been postponed; mainly because this summer was harder on MOTHER EARTH than any before, owing to the fact that our friends so generously came to the assistance of the unemployed and anti-militarist activities, hence could do little for the magazine itself—not to mention the usual summer effect which always reduces our receipts more than half.

Now that the harder ordeal of the moving is about over, and our tent pitched anew, we turn again to you, dear, faithful friends, for your share in the struggle. You can help in several ways:

1. By renewing your own subscription or sending in new members of the MOTHER EARTH family.

2. By availing yourself of our special $3.00 and $5.00 book offers.

3. By sending in orders for Voltairine de Cleyre's "Selected Works," which we have recently published, and a brilliant review of which, by Leonard D. Abbott, appears in this issue.

4. By ordering my new work, "The Social Significance of the Drama," which should prove a good medium of interesting your circle of acquaintances in our ideas.

Last, but not least, you could send us names for sample copies of our magazine.

In the hope that you will respond readily to our appeal and that you will, when in the city, call at our new home to browse among our literature,

Faithfully,

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AMID all this raving about the "higher civilization" and "greater culture" of one's "own" country, it is well to pause an instant and inquire what does culture, civilization really consist in.

It is supposed to be represented by the thinkers, scientists, writers and artists of a nation. And if these suddenly turn traitors to the very spirit and purpose of their whole life work, and rush out to murder their fellowmen, how deep-seated is their civilization, their culture?

If the primitive lust for murder and carnage can be so easily roused in the highest products of culture, their vaunted civilization is the merest pretence and fraud.

* * *

THERE is no essential difference between the civilizations of the warring European nations. They all boast the identical "culture"—capitalism: the master on the back of the slave. And the weight of the master is always the same, be he called noble aristocrat, lord of the manor, or vulgar shopkeeper. And the burden of the slave is no less, be he called serf, peasant, or free wage worker.

There is little to distinguish these various brands of civilization. What real culture they possess, is common to all of them, in spite of civilization. If England produced a Shakespeare, Germany had a Goethe. But neither Kant nor Spencer; Huxley or Haeckel; Byron, Heine, or Pushkin; Voltaire, Spinoza, Marx or Bakunin are the children of this or that country. They are the products of world experience and culture, of the spirit of universal humanity.

There is nothing for any sane man to defend in the culture of his particular country. Philosophy, science, art do not depend on geographic or national boundary lines; nor is any culture "protected" by the slaughter of human beings.

The more terribly heart-rending, therefore, it is to see men like Hauptmann, Galsworthy, Maeterlinck *et al* fall in with the herd of bloodthirsty maniacs, in the insane delusion that they are "defending" a beloved cul-

ture, when in truth they are merely the victims of a common mob psychology.

Heart-rending, indeed, it is to see men like Eucken and Haeckel—whose whole life has been inspired by constructive devotion to the larger needs of humanity—forswear the pursuit of a lifetime to turn to destruction and slaughter. Thinkers, writers, artists—all have been swept off their feet by the deadly breath of the Moloch of war.

This is the terrible curse of the monster of murderous patriotism. The clearest minds, the finest spirits are poisoned by its fatal venom. Blinded, deluded into the stupid notion of doing something noble and heroic, while in reality they are but defending the savage militarism of one governmental clique as against the militarist savagery of another.

Radicals, revolutionists, Socialists, aye, even some Anarchists, have fallen easy prey to the pestilence whose touch is like the wand of some evil genius that strikes men blind, confuses their minds, turns hearts to stone and sets brother against brother to spread ruin and misery for hundreds of thousands.

* * *

IN this devil's dance of death and horror, may some of us remain sane. War is wholesale murder— the eternal enemy of all culture, of all progress.

There *is* no culture save that of human solidarity. True progress consists in developing and nurturing the spirit of mutual aid. Evolution means the elimination of the murderous wolf from human nature, together with the social and economic forces that cultivate the beast in man. The only culture worth having is the culture of life and joy. The sole criterion of such culture is the degree of individual liberty and social opportunity of a country, reflected in the socio-economic well-being of the masses.

It is toward this end that all true science, philosophy and art works. To aid in the murder of one's fellowmen—for whatever nicely-phrased reasons—is to turn traitor to the very spirit and purpose of all progress and culture.

THE attitude of the Socialists of Europe in the present war would be a master stroke of the God of Hoax were the situation not so terribly tragic.

The Social Democrats of Germany have been solemnly assured by the Kaiser that Germany is merely *defending* itself against encroaching Czarism. Therefore the Socialist members of Parliament vote in favor of the war budget, give their wholehearted co-operation to the Kaiser's army, and support him in invading Luxemburg and Belgium.

The French Socialists join hands with "their" government to *defend* "their" republic against Prussian militarism supported by four millions of German Socialists. Guesde and Sembat enter the war ministry and make common cause with—the Czar, the enemy of German militarism.

The Socialists of England, indignant at the invasion of Belgium, come to the rescue of—the Czar.

The revolutionists of Russia, fearful of any harm that might come to the precious culture of Czarism from the Socialist defenders of Prussian militarism, become "enthusiastically united" with the government of the Romanoffs.

It is, then, Prussian militarism against the Russian Knout. In other words, the Socialist millions of Germany slaughtering their brother Socialists in France, England and Russia, for the benefit of—whom?

Such is the madness of war that tries to banish the devil by feeding the fires of hell.

* * *

THE American Socialists are quite confused as to what attitude to take toward the war. Of course, their prophet has said, "Workers of all countries, unite!" But, then, their practical models, the German Social Democrats, are supporting the Kaiser. Again, Marx said the workers have nothing to lose but their chains. Why, then, should they fear an invader or defend "their" country? Oh, but Marx evidently forgot that the Party might lose votes by taking an unpopular stand on a vital matter!

What's to be done? The spokesmen of American Socialism rush into print to cry with one voice: "Of

course, we believe in internationalism and solidarity; but—if the Socialists of Europe are just now murdering each other for Kaiser or Czar, reserve your judgment, please. We are sure they will explain everything satisfactorily afterwards."

And the good party sheep say Amen.

* * *

NO less tragic is the undeniable fact that even some Anarchists, who might have been expected to remain loyal to internationalism, have also been infected by the virus of chauvinism.

Some of them favor "defending the higher civilizations" against Prussian militarism. Others argue that it was "the right and duty" of Belgium to repel the foreign invader, and that they therefore sympathize with the Allies.

Both arguments are superficial and fallacious. Prussian militarism cannot be destroyed by the military power of other countries. Such a method must lead to national bitterness, thoughts of revenge, increased armaments and future wars. The German people themselves—no one else—can free Germany from the curse of militarism.

And as to a nation's "duty to repel the invader"—as H. K. argues in the *Modern School*—it is an attitude that voices bourgeois conceptions of national boundary lines and slavish "honor." The Belgium workers had nothing to lose by the Germans passing through "their" country. But they lost thousands of lives by trying to keep the German boots off the sacred precincts of their masters' land. And if the "invader," while passing through Belgium, had tried to provision his army, had the Belgian workers anything to lose by it? Why should they defend the property of their Belgian exploiters againts the foreign expropriators? Indeed, the sight of the Germans expropriating the property of the Belgian bourgeoisie might have served the Belgian workers as an example worthy of emulation.

We have no sympathy whatever with the "libertarians"—be they Socialists, Anarchists or what not—whose philosophic internationalism somersaults into rankest chauvinism the moment it is put to the practical test.

IT is reported that Vladimir Bourtzeff, the well-known revolutionist and bitter enemy of the Russian autocracy, has become so enthused with the holy mission of Slavic patriotism that he returned to Russia to offer to the Czar his services as a loyal subject.

But the Little Father is evidently not as gullible as the good patriotic revolutionists. He took no chances. Bourtzeff was arrested and sent to Siberia, there to ruminate over the ingratitude of the Romanoffs.

If the report is true, Bourtzeff deserves more pity than sympathy.

* * *

WHATEVER may be said against Germany, one thing is in its favor: it is brazen and direct in its arrogance. That is more than can be said of the Anglo-Saxons countries, least of all about our own sponsors of the plutocratic régime.

The pious cant that is being dished out to the American people by its "peace loving" rulers and despoilers must make Satan himself green with envy.

President Wilson ordering prayers by royal command and hypocrite Yellow Hearst whining over the crimes of war, present a picture worthy of a master caricaturist.

Our Chief Magistrate, who rushed troops to Vera Cruz because, forsooth, some Mexican general doubted the purity of our flag, and Billy Hearst, raving for war with Mexico, now calling his German namesake a criminal and murderer,—ye gods, what a spectacle! The ruler of ninety millions of American slaves and the ruler of millions of waste acres, lamenting the destruction of life in Europe, yet both directly responsible for the destruction of life at home.

It is not difficult to see who is more dangerous to humanity, the egomaniac Bill of Germany or the peace gushing bigots of America.

* * *

WHILE the press is busy reporting unreliable news from the seat of war across the pond, the war in our own midst is almost forgotten.

But the war goes on, nevertheless. More intensely, indeed, than ever, for the masters are taking advantage

of the popular interest in the European slaughter to mask their own murder and rapine.

In Butte the State soldiery vies with the conduct of the Kaiser's army in Belgium. The foe—organized labor—is to be exterminated. The mine lords are celebrating their victory over the B. M. W. U. The union is crushed. Militant workers are beaten, deported, taken prisoners of war and treated accordingly.

In Colorado another battle of the class war is being fought. It is probably the last chapter of the long-continued miners' strike. The labor leaders are willing, nay, anxious to accept the truce proposed by President Wilson, in spite of the fact that the conditions of peace are an insult and an injury to labor. But the coal barons know that they are mightier than the President. They demand that the miners give in on every point. Men active in the strike are not to be re-employed, no grievance committees are to be recognized, but the companies gracefully promise to comply with the labor laws of the State, so far as possible, presumably. They dictate terms like the victors of a conquered country.

And the workers submit, in Butte as in Colorado. Submit quietly, respectfully, as they submit throughout this great rich land to starvation and death.

And while this terrible war rages, the good humanitarians preach to the workers, "Peace; be still!" And the good worker keeps his peace and is still, the same worker that grows fightingly indignant over the invasion of Belgium and is ready to shed his blood in its behalf. It never enters his dull head that he himself is being invaded every hour, every moment of his life, invaded out of his home, his bread, his very life.

Some day he may wake, to find himself facing the enemy, his master. And may he then have learned the lesson of the European war, as interpreted by no less an expert than Roosevelt himself: All these treaties and contracts and promises are so much waste paper *unless backed by force.*

* * *

THE recent I. W. W. convention held at Chicago proved, our correspondent informs us, a most pitiful affair. A handful of delegates, about a dozen in

number, pretending to act in the name of the working class of America!

Both in point of attendance and interest, the convention was the worst in the history of the I. W. W. It only lasted four short days, while heretofore the sessions could but with difficulty be terminated in two weeks. Not a single Pacific Coast delegate was present. Nor was the least word heard of decentralization. So dead was the convention, it was almost impossible to start a discussion. A healthy argument was out of the question. The Executive Board even ignored the convention; only one member showed up. They did not seem to care whether they were elected or not. In fact, by not putting in an appearance they resigned, because only those present at the convention are eligible to office. Not a word was mentioned as to the advisability of new tactics.

A sad commentary on the disintegration of the I. W. W. Speaking impartially, it has accomplished a great deal of good. It has helped to revolutionize the spirit of the American proletariat, has fostered discontent and intensified the class struggle. A very necessary and useful labor.

But unfortunately, by unnecessarily and often wantonly antagonizing the great bulk of organized labor, the I. W. W. has narrowed its sphere of activity, only to find itself gradually sinking into the same groove of centralization against which its very existence was a protest. Nor did the activities of the official I. W. W. in times of strike justify the bold expectations raised by them in times of peace.

It is clear that immediate and drastic surgery is imperative to save the life of the I. W. W. And first of all, a clarification of ideas and aims, decentralization of power, increased responsibility in local autonomy, and a radical change of the general attitude to organized labor and of the specific tactics in the warfare against wage slavery.

* * *

WHEN the Mexican peons began their heroic struggle for land and liberty, the Socialist and other wiseacres insisted that the Mexicans would first have

to be industrialized before they could be eligible to the blessings of American liberty and international Socialism.

Yet, lo and behold! The peons seem to be in advance of the sponsors of scientific Socialism and Murphian democracy. They have learned that religion is not a private affair, but a most pernicious meddler in human life. Hence their hatred of the Catholic Church and its holy brethren and sistren. The peons may indeed be undeveloped and immature. Not so we, free born Americans, who receive the Catholic pest with open arms and accord it privileges and opportunities it no longer enjoys even in the old world.

The irony of fate! The Pilgrim Fathers hated the Catholic priest like a leper. To-day he is honored at State occasions and is allowed to influence the home, the school, the business and private life of the American people as no other religious denomination, however powerful.

No wonder a Catholic delegation called on the President to claim protection for priests and nuns in Mexico. They know what they are about.

So do also the Mexican people. All hail to their awakening from the grip of the black monster.

* * *

THE "survivors" of the Tarrytown free speech fight, having served their two months' sentence for daring to denounce the Rockefeller outrages in Colorado, were released on September 28th, and tendered a fitting welcome at the reception given by the Anti-Militarist League at the Ferrer Centre.

All the comrades are in good shape, physically and mentally, their prison experience not having in the least dampened their rebel spirits. In prison lingo, they are ready for more, and may their renewed activity soon entitle them to it.

* * *

ONE of the cells vacated by our Tarrytown prisoners is now occupied by Adolf Wolff, the gifted Anarchist poet and sculptor.

Thereby hangs a tale that emphasizes the failure of compromise. When Wolff was arrested last April for

participation in a demonstration of the unemployed in Union Square, he accepted a parole that bound him to abstain from all rebellious activities for the period of one year. Of fine sensibilities and poetic temperament, Wolff smarted under the parole, realizing the mistake of his promise. At last, during the Tarrytown free speech fight, he could no longer hold back, and delivered himself of a splendid tirade against the hypocrisy of law and order. For this terrible crime he was sentenced on September 17th to thirty days in the workhouse.

From the letter I received from Wolff, sent out of prison, I am sure he feels much happier behind the bars than being qut on parole. The convict stripes have restored to him his self-respect and given him the satisfying consciousness that it is preferable to stay in jail and remain true to oneself than to suffer the pangs of compromise in "freedom."

* * *

WHAT a single man, inspired by an ideal, can accomplish, even under the most adverse circumstances, is demonstrated by Comrade M. H. Woolman, now in the workhouse at Blackwell's Island.

Woolman was sent to prison for six months for attempting to read out aloud in John D's Trinidad Baptist Church verse 24 of the 19th Chapter of Matthew, on the memorable occasion of Bouck White's visit to Rockefeller's Church.

The strength of the verse may have had something to do with the length of the sentence. It reads:

> And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

But Comrade Woolman is not the type of man to be suppressed by the comparatively long sentence, outrageous as it is. He has been so active propagandistically in jail that he was repeatedly transferred from one prison to another to terminate his agitation. But in spite of all suppression Woolman continues his work, finding numerous ways in which to procure radical literature to supply his fellow prisoners with. In his own words, the prison is a splendid field for the agitation of

revolutionary ideas and no man is so low as not to be benefited by the vision of a brighter day.

Woolman is right, and his efforts in prison richly compensate us for missing in our midst such an ingenious and effective propagandist.

* * *

FIVE years have passed since Francisco Ferrer was assassinated by the Catholic Church and the government of Spain, on October 13, 1909. Five years Ferrer is dead—yet he is more alive to-day than when he walked amongst men. Alive in the memory of hundreds of thousands, who perhaps first became familiar with the ideas of libertarian education through the very death of the great Spanish educator.

In vain the powers of darkness seek to push back the hands of Time. It advances, slowly, often dishearteningly slow, yet ever advancing. It is through the Ferrers, through the martyrs in the cause of liberty and enlightenment, that mankind visualizes its aspirations and hopes.

The Francisco Ferrer Association, founded to perpetuate the memory and propagate the ideas of Ferrer, will commemorate the fifth anniversary the great Libertarian's death by a meeting in Forward Hall, 175 East Broadway, on Tuesday, October 13, at 8 P. M.

* * *

IN these dark days of wholesale butchery and the collapse of revolutionary bombast, it is like a ray of light to find a group of comrades who have remained true to the spirit of the International and have come out in no mincing manner in its behalf in a publication, *The Social Revolution,* from which we reprint a brilliant article.

The paper is published in San Francisco, in English, German, French and Italian. Its motto is: "If we must fight, let us fight for the Social Revolution." Never was such a call more in place than at the present moment. We therefore welcome the efforts of our California Comrades and urge all our readers to subscribe for *The Social Revolution,* 1344 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE desert of American intellectual life is never more apparent than when one glances through the innumerable magazines and periodicals dished out to the American readers. Superficial dabbling into all questions with a view of offending no one in particular. "Criticism" of creative work which affects the earnest student like cold storage supplies intended to satisfy a people whose reading is like the mad chase of the commuter after his train.

For those to whom reading is like an outing into rich fields and glowing sunrise, America until very recently seemed hopelessly barren. But with the appearance of *The Little Review*, the gap has been at least partly filled.

The magazine is devoted to art, music, poetry, literature and the drama, not from the point of view of *l'art pour l'art*, but for the sake of sounding the keynote of rebellion in creative endeavor.

Its editor, Margaret C. Anderson, of whom I hope to write more in the near future, is herself the spirit of rebellion. Added to this is her brilliant and forceful style which makes her the very life of her magazine.

I cannot advise our readers more urgently to subscribe to Margaret C. Anderson's magazine, than to tell them that if they long for an intellectual treat and at the same time desire to get away from the usual printed trash they will lose no time in sending for *The Little Review*, 917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago ($1.50 per year).

* * *

OUR friends are familiar with the effective agitation done during the last six months by the Anti-Militarist League of New York.

Anti-Militarist propaganda was never more necessary than at the present, and we therefore hope that every libertarian will aid the efforts of the League.

To secure funds to further its propaganda, the League will give a Grand Ball and Bazaar on Saturday, October 24, 8 P. M., at the Harlem Casino, 116th street and Lenox avenue. A unique anti-militarist one-act play, written by Adolf Wolff, will be one of the features of the evening.

The international family of anti-militarists will meet on that occasion to renew old friendships and form new ones.

A. D. 1914.

The searchlight's sword thrust, blinding bright,
Stabs thro' the starry summer night.
Shrapnel and shell tear shrieking by
Where late the white doves circled high.
Gone from the once-fair village street
The lovers' laugh, the childish feet.
Where smiled Peace, Life and Hope before
Red Madness raves,
—And this is War.

Crushed lies that on the sodden earth
To which some woman's pangs gave birth.
Wasted the love, the toil, the care,
The father-pride, the mother-prayer,
The baby's hug, the young wife's kiss,
Now but a nameless, shapeless this
That from its rotting foulness gory
Stinks to the skies,
—And this is Glory.

Where red flames streak the cannon's pall,
Beside her dead home's smouldering wall,
She crouches in the ashen dust
Twin victim of the conqueror's lust.
Her butchered husband has been shown
Mercy, beside what she has known—
Black terror, outrage, burning shame
That moans for death,
—And this is Fame.

Wasted upon the barren plain
The dead Christ's blood drips fresh again.
A people conquering crown the wrong
With brutal boast and drunken song.
A people conquered curse their fate,
Outraged and ravished, mad with hate
Some later murder count to tell—
And this is war,
—And War is Hell.

FRANK STEPHENS.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

MY RESURRECTION JUBILEE

TWENTY-TWO years ago I paid my first visit to Pittsburgh, which resulted in an involuntary stay of 14 years.

In recognition of the hospitality and courtesies received at the hands of Father Penn, I feel called upon to celebrate the expiration of my 22-year sentence by paying another visit to my old home.

I contemplate a lecture tour, tackling first the strongholds of my friends Frick and Carnegie and the forty other millionaires who draw their dividends from the workers of that State.

I will lecture in and about Pittsburgh and other Pennsylvania towns, beginning about November 15. Afterwards I shall go further West.

Considering the cataclysm that has overtaken Europe, the confused views regarding the war, and the critical condition of labor in this country, I believe my proposed tour both timely and necessary.

I should therefore like to hear from comrades, groups and organizations who desire to secure dates or want to assist in the arrangement of meetings.

Fraternally,

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

20 East 125th Street, New York.

IF WE MUST FIGHT, LET IT BE FOR THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

SOCIETY has plunged into a world-wide war, but we Anarchists, we cannot shed tears over its horrors, as do the Socialists and other so-called philanthropists. WE KNOW how industriously those same weepers have been piling up the fuel which made this conflagration certain.

Governments have made this war. The Austrian government ordered its slaves to sweep Servia with fire and sword. The German government snapped its fingers at the four million and odd Socialist voters, and ordered its slaves to invade Belgium. The American government with hypocritical sobs and sighs, ordered its slaves to

seize Vera Cruz and slaughter helpless Mexicans. Everywhere it is the same. Everywhere unscrupulous manipulators, who care only for profits, power and place, pull the wires and the people have to dance.

Democratic America and England are not one whit better than is autocratic Russia. Republican France shows us precisely the same picture as does Imperial Germany. Each herds its subjects to the shambles when it suits the purpose of the few. By no possibility can it be otherwise, for everywhere the masses are entirely helpless. Everywhere power is concentrated in the hands of those who operate the government machine.

Everywhere government is a machine, run by politicians for their own selfish profit. In the hands of those who run it the masses are putty, to be molded as the molders please. Vainly we splutter in our unions. Vainly we form new parties, hold mass meetings and register our useless protests. The machine works on inexorably, caring not one jot.

Who are we, anyhow? Nobodies, for we are helpless. Only money and power talk effectively, and we have neither. Special privilege and monopoly, born of government and protected by government, have stripped us to the skin. We are helpless victims, tied up, trussed and ready to be roasted whenever rulers are hungry.

Proletariat of the world! Thinking men and women, wherever you may be, we call on you to face the awful picture the world today presents! We bid you note the universal helplessness of the people. That helplessness must be abolished, and we tell you it cannot be done except by overthrowing, root and branch, monopoly and special privilege. We tell you that the individual will remain helpless until these huge governments, with their armies and their navies, their scaffolds and their prisons, and all the rest of their brutal apparatus for the forcible upholding of special privilege, have been abolished, root and branch.

Tears alter nothing. Hysterical protests only exhaust our strength. This is no time for running round distractedly, asking in bewilderment what it means. The fact is so plain that words on it are wasted. The powerful few, for their own private purposes, have drawn the

sword and the many are being forced to cut each other's throats.

In letters of blood, which can be read, the lesson has been written, and we must master it. We must grasp one central fact, viz., that to the powerless many the powerful few have given murder orders, and that the many have had to fill them. We must wipe out this order of business. We must wipe out the governmental condition which begets them.

Socialism, the Socialists, the whole Socialistic philosophy, have fooled us as probably this world was never fooled before. Instead of teaching us to rely on ourselves, and insist individually and collectively on equality of opportunity and a square deal, they have told us that governments are our friends; that we must strengthen them; that we must load them with power; that we must make them run our railroads and our telegraphs; that we must give them the ownership of this and the management of that; that we must work for them in ever larger numbers; that we must look to them for the overthrow of all those special privileges which clothe the few in purple and the multitude in rags. Never was there a more cruel lie. Never were the people lured by fine words and subtle theories more fatally to their own destruction.

It is government that parcels out among the few our priceless heritage, the earth, and defends, with all its miltary and legal forces, the privilege so granted. It is government that creates the millionaire, and it is government that throws into jail the helpless pauper it has created if he dares to take a crust of bread. It is government that creates and maintains the army of monopolists that ride us and the swarm of official leeches that suck our blood. Every new official is another stone added to that government fortress behind which monopoly and special privilege rest secure, while from it issues a devastating fire on those who question the parasite's right to gorge himself. It is government that orders the peaceful German worker to shoot down the peaceful French worker, with whom he has only interests in common; interests diametrically opposed to those of the heartless few who set the machinery of war in motion.

This is the hour to put on your thinking-cap; to study the appalling picture society presents and to ask yourselves its meaning. When you understand that picture; when you grasp its clear and simple outlines, you will want immediately to toss the whole business of government to the hell which is its proper destination. You will want to get rid, and instantly, of all these idlers; from Kaiser and Czar to the government clerk who wears out his life copying orders issued by his superiors in the official hierarchy. You will want to sweep away, and instantly, all these governmental props which uphold the house of special privilege. You will want to act, and act effectively. You will see that half-way steps are worse than useless.

Do not deceive yourselves! By playing round this social problem you make things infinitely worse. You have been afraid to tackle it squarely. You have been afraid to say, "I am poor because that other man has got it all. I am powerless because a few have all the power." And above all, and infinitely more important than all else, you have been afraid to say, "That other man has all the wealth and power because our government helps and protects him." That mental cowardice is most unworthy of you.

Today the press is prophesying that, as the result of this war, kings heads will fall and Europe become the Republic this country professes to be. Do not deceive yourselves! War is the grimmest of all realties and the sternest exposer of all shams. This war is showing up the lie that the vote gives power. What did the Kaiser care about the 5,000,000 Socialist votes? What did Diaz care about the constitution of Mexico, which, adopted in 1856, is even more liberal than that under which we live? The Frenchman has to march, when the governmental machine issues its orders, although France is a Republic. England is theoretically a democracy, and nowhere is so much liberty of speech allowed, yet the masses are more helpless there than ever. Everywhere things have been going rapidly from bad to worse; for everywhere we have been building up these omnipotent governmental machines which are our deadly enemies. We have to face this all-important, central fact.

Governments all hang together. They are eager to set the people warring on each other, but they are in deadly fear lest the people turn and war on them. Therefore, you will notice, our own government machine—from the White House and from City Halls—is issuing exhortations to the public, urging it not to discuss the war; urging it to remember that this country is neutral; urging it to suppress the passion it naturally feels.

Not discuss! Why, this is the one subject that most needs dicussion, for never in all history has a lesson so stern been set before us. We MUST master it.

Suppress passion! Why, OUR class is being slaughtered by the ten of thousands, and OUR husbands, sweethearts, brothers and bread-winners, are being wiped out of existence.

It is bad enough that our governments should serve us up as food for cannon. It is bad enough that they should reduce us to helplessness. But to crush our intelligence; to stop our enquiry into a matter so vital to us; to prevent us from finding out the truth and discovering the real cause of the evils that beset us—to attempt this is to be guilty of the most unpardonable of crimes. And this is being done under orders of a professional educator—Woodrow Wilson!

We Anarchists lay this question before you boldly. We say you must discuss and arrive at an understanding of the causes of this war; you must master the true meaning of the tragic picture it shoves into your face. We call on you to bend every energy to the solution of this social problem, which means life and death to all of us. We assert, and with profound conviction, that you will have no permanent security against either the military battlefield or the still more awful battlefield of war for profits until you have done with these governments, for they are the instigators and compellers of all war. We insist that a complete social transformation must take place, and that society must so reorganize itself that the parasites, and the governments which create and defend them, shall be no more.

We have no panaceas but intelligence and courage. We do not tell you that you can make another and a better government, for you have been tinkering with that hopeless task for centuries.

We tell you that when you understand the true lesson of this war, you will be fired with the indignation that possesses us; that your indignation will give you courage, and that when intelligence and courage join hands, action will arise spontaneously and the death knell of human slavery will have rung.

Set it ringing, loud and clear! Proclaim to all the sons of men that they were born to be individually free; born to equal opportunity; born to govern themselves by mutual agreement among themselves; born to be brothers and not born to be order-givers or order-takers. Either condition is unworthy of the dignity of man, and what is unworthy of his dignity should be destroyed. Then, only then, we shall have that peace of which it is idle to talk while governments endure.

This war is but the first labor pain of that great social revolution with which the age is pregnant. Let us speed the delivery and make it perfect. To that most holy of all tasks every one of us is called, and to flinch our duty at this greatest of all crises is to play the traitor.

NIETZSCHE ON WAR

Many newspaper editors and other no less superficial readers of Nietzsche—among them some Individualist Anarchists—have savagely attacked Nietzsche as "responsible" for the European war. The deeper students of the great poet-philosopher appreciate him as a bitter opponent of war who saw clearly the distinction between the spirit of culture and the spirit of empire.

The following excerpt from Nietzsche leaves no doubt of his attitude in the matter.

PUBLIC opinion in Germany almost forbids discussion of the evil and dangerous consequences of war, especially of a war victoriously ended; but all the more willingly are those writers received who know no weightier opinion than the public one, and therefore vie with each other in extolling the war and in jubilantly following its influence on morals, culture, and art. In spite of which be it said: a great victory is a great danger. Human nature bears it harder than defeat; yes, it seems even easier to achieve such a victory

than to bear it so that from it no more serious defeat results. But of all the evil consequences which follow in the wake of the latest war with France, perhaps the worst is a widespread, a universal error: the error of the public mind and of all publicly minded that German culture also has won in this fight, and must therefore now be decorated with the wreaths suitable to such extraordinary achievements and successes. This illusion is most pernicious; not indeed because it is an illusion—for there are most salutary and beneficent errors—but because it is in a position to turn our victory into total defeat; into the overthrow, indeed the extirpation of the German spirit in favor of the "German Empire."

For one thing, even assuming that two cultures had fought with each other, the measure for the worth of the winner would always be very relative, and under circumstances would by no means justify an exultation of victory or a self-glorification. For it would depend upon knowing what this subjagated culture was worth; perhaps very little; in which case the victory, even with the most spectacular success of arms, would include no invitation to a triumph. On the other hand, there can be no question in our case of a victory for German culture for the simplest reasons, because French culture continues as before and we depend upon it as before.

It did not even aid in the military success. Severe discipline, native courage and endurance, superiority of leaders, unity and obedience among the led, in short, elements which have nothing to do with culture helped us to the victory over opponents who lacked the most essential of these elements; it is only surprising that that which now calls itself culture in Germany should have proved so small an embarrassment to these military qualifications for a great victory; perhaps only because this something calling itself culture considered it more profitable to show itself serviceable on this occasion. Let it grow apace to full rankness, coddle it in the flattering illusion that it has been victorious, and it will have the strength, as I said, to extirpate the German spirit, and who knows if anything can then be done with the remaining German body.

If it should be possible to rouse that imperturbable and

tenacious valor which the Germans opposed to the pathetic and spontaneous impetuosity of the French, against the inner enemy, against that most equivocal and certainly unnational "cultivatedness" which is now, with dangerous misunderstanding, called culture in Germany, then all hope for a really genuine German culture, the antithesis of that cultivatedness, is not lost; for Germany has never lacked the most penetrating and boldest leaders and generals, but these have often lacked the Germans. But it seems more and more doubtful to me whether it will be possible to give this new direction to German valor, and after the war, daily more improbable; for I see that every one is convinced that there is no longer any occasion for such a fight and such a valor; that rather everything is ordered for the most part as nicely as possible, and that certainly everything needful has long since been found and done; in short, that the best seed of culture is everywhere partly sown broadcast, partly standing in new leaf, and here and there even in luxuriant bloom. In this realm is not only contentment: here are happiness and ecstasy. I perceive this happiness and this ecstasy in the incomparably sanguine conduct of the German newspaper writers and manufacturers of novels, tragedies, songs, and histories; for these manifestly form a consanguineous company which seems to have pledged itself to seize the hours of leisure and digestion of modern man, that is to say, his "moments of culture," and during these to stupify him with the printed page. In this company, since the war, all is happiness, dignity, and self-esteem; it considers itself after such "triumphs of German culture" not only confirmed and sanctioned, but almost sacrosanct, speaks therefore more ceremoniously, loves the apostrophe to the German people, publishes collected works after the manner of the classics, and actually proclaims in the journals of world-wide circulation at its disposal, individuals from its midst as the new German classicists and model writers.

One might, perhaps, expect that the dangers of such an abuse of success would be recognized by the more prudent and educated part of the cultivated Germans, or that at least the painful aspect of the spectacle pre-

sented would have to be felt; for what can be more painful than to see the misshapen, strutting like a cock before the mirror and exchanging admiring glances with his image? But the learned professions like to let come what may, and are sufficiently concerned with their own affairs, without undertaking the care of the German spirit. As for that, their members are convinced with absolute certainty that their own culture is the mellowest and lovliest fruit of the time, yes, of all time, and they apprehend no concern for universal German culture, because individually and among the multitudes of their kind they are far beyond all anxieties of this sort.

Moreover, it cannot escape the more careful observer, especially if he is a foreigner, that between what the German scholar now calls his culture, and this vainglorious culture of the new German classicists, a contrast exists only in respect of the amount of knowledge; wheresoever not knowledge but ability, not information but art comes into question, that is, wherever life should bear witness as to the manner of culture, there is now only one German culture—and has this, then, triumphed over France?

This assertion seems so utterly incomprehensible; for it is precisely in the more comprehensive knowledge of the German officers, in the better instruction of the German rank and file, in the more scientific warfare that the decided preëminence has been recognized by all unbiassed judges, and finally by the French themselves. But in what sense can German culture still claim to have triumphed if one should choose to dissociate from it German erudition? In none; for the moral qualities of sterner discipline, of cooler obedience have nothing to do with culture, and distinguished, for example, the Macedonian armies as against the incomparably more cultured armies of the Greeks. It can only be a confusion of terms to speak of the triumph of German civilization and culture, a confusion which rests on the fact that in Germany the clear conception of culture has been lost.

Culture is above all unity of artistic style in all the activities of a people. But to know and to have learned much is neither a necessary means of culture nor a mark of it, and if need be agrees excellently with the opposite

of culture, barbarism, that is, absence of style, or the chaotic mixup of all styles.

But in this chaotic mixup of all styles lives the German of our day; and it remains a serious problem how it is possible for him with all his learning not to notice this, and on top of it all heartily to enjoy his present "culture." . . .

Even if we had really ceased to copy them (the French), we would not thereby have prevailed over them, but would merely have freed ourselves from them; only after we had forced an original German culture upon them could there be any talk of a triumph of German culture. In the mean time, let us bear in mind that we still depend upon Paris in all matters of form, and that we must so depend; for so far there is no German original culture.

We all ought to know this of ourselves; moreover, one of the few who have the right to tell the Germans so in a tone of reproach, has openly disclosed it: "We Germans are of yesterday," Goethe once said to Eckermann; "to be sure, for a century we have cultivated ourselves quite diligently; but a couple of centuries may yet pass before so much intellectuality and higher culture will penetrate our people and become universal, that one could say of them: It is a long time since they were barbarians."

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VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE'S POSTHUMOUS BOOK

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

THERE is a famous painting which shows the Statue of Liberty looming up through the mists of New York Harbor. At the base of the statue ships are concealed by a fog. In the background, the sky-scrapers of the metropolis are stained by a heavy and unwholesome atmosphere. The only sunlight in the picture falls on the head and the uplifted torch of the woman-symbol of Liberty. She is rising triumphant over commercialism, and her torch is strong and steadfast.

It is in some such way as this that I think of Voltairine de Cleyre, whose posthumous book (published by the MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION) may be accurately termed an Anarchist classic. Voltairine de Cleyre was preëminently the standard-bearer of a libertarian gospel, and she struggled through every kind of conflict and poverty and sickness into a kind of sun-lit immortality.

There are few, if any, books in the literature of Anarchism as lofty as these "Selected Writings." I have read Kropotkin and Elisée Reclus, and I know something of the writings of Bakunin and Proudhon and Stirner and Nietzsche and Tolstoy and Benjamin Tucker. But Voltairine de Cleyre stands alone. She has the individuality that only very great writers possess.

This book is divided by its editor, Alexander Berkman, into three sections—poetry, essays, and sketches and stories—and is prefaced by a biographical introduction from the pen of Hippolyte Havel. The introduction is not as inspired as the one that Havel wrote for Emma Goldman's "Anarchism," but it is satisfactory as far as it goes. The poems cover seventy-five pages. They are remarkable for several reasons. I will confess that my first impression of this poetry, as a whole, was in the nature of a disappointment. We have heard much of the heights and depths of genius, and both are represented here. The really great poems of the collection were almost all printed, years ago, in a little pamphlet entitled "The Worm Turns," and they are almost with-

out exception poems of vengeance. They were born of the stormy period in which the Chicago Anarchists, Angiolillo, Vaillant, Henry and Caserio died. They are crimson and black; they quiver with hatred; and I call them great because their expression is superb and their dramatic appeal is undeniable. But alongside of these historic poems, and others, such as "The Gods and the People" and "The Suicide's Defense," that are almost as great, appear a group that I can only call banal and that are of value merely because they trace moods and struggles in a soul's development. Think of Voltairine de Cleyre writing a Christian Science hymn! Yet she did it. And think of Voltairine de Cleyre writing "The Christian's Faith" and such lines as:

> There's a love supreme in the great hereafter,
> The buds of earth are blooms in heaven;
> The smiles of the world are ripples of laughter
> When back to its Aidenn the soul is given.

An immense gulf stretches between such sentiments as these and the uncompromising radicalism of the essays that follow. Voltairine de Cleyre's prose is a joy to read; it is so sincere, so clear, so simple, yet withal so warm and eloquent. She keeps to the main facts. She possesses, in a supreme degree, the faculty of separating the essential from the non-essential. Her note is American, yet she makes a universal appeal. This is not the first time that the statement of universal principles in distinctly national terms has been an important factor in creating the international fame of a writer.

Take the essay, "Anarchism and American Traditions." This is a memorable exposition of the truth that the spirit of Anarchism, so far from being a foreign importation, is rooted in our very soil. Voltairine de Cleyre bases Anarchism here in the colonization period of one hundred and seventy years from the settling of Jamestown to the outburst of the Revolution. She names as fundamental likeness between the Revolutionary Republicans and the Anarchists the recognition that the little must precede the great; that the local must be the basis of the general; that there can be a free federation only when there are free communities to fed-

erate. She reminds us that Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, declined a re-election to Congress in order to return to Virginia and do his work in his own local assembly, and that he said: "Let the general government be reduced to foreign concerns only, and let our affairs be disentangled from those of all other nations, except as to commerce, which the merchants will manage the better the more they are left free to manage for themselves, and the general government may be reduced to a very simple organization, and a very inexpensive one; a few plain duties to be performed by a few servants." And she also reminds us that that same formulator of our libertarian national charter wrote: "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without a rebellion! * * * What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take up arms. * * * The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

"The Dominant Idea" and "Direct Action" are two of the strongest essays I know—as notable for their diction as for their arguments. "Crime and Punishment," in addition to its humanitarian thesis, conveys in its opening sentences an idea that Voltairine de Cleyre was fond of repeating and decorating—the idea, namely, that men are of three sorts: the "turn backs" (or conservatives), the "rush aheads" (or radicals), and the indifferents. Most people, she says, belong to the first and third types, yet "it is the radical who always wins at last." Noteworthy tributes may be found in these pages to three American contemporaries of Voltairine de Cleyre—Emma Goldman, Moses Harman and Dyer D. Lum. Lum was Voltairine's teacher, confidant and comrade. One of his favorite sayings was: "Events are the true schoolmasters." Voltairine de Cleyre, in speaking of his instinctive modesty, makes a remark that might be applied to herself: "The devotee of a cause is never the devotee of self." The Paris Commune and the Mexican Revolution are the subjects of masterly studies, while essays on Francisco Ferrer and on modern educational reform may

be recommended to the careful attention of those who are trying to build up libertarian schools in America.

One of the most valuable features of the book is its clear definition, in several essays, of the meaning of Anarchism. Voltairine de Cleyre calls herself an Individualist-Anarchist, but she speaks of at least three other possible schools of Anarchism—namely, Anarchist Mutualists, Anarchist Communists and Anarchist Socialists. It would take too much space to explain in detail in this article her conception of these different schools. Suffice it to say that the point of agreement in all is: *no compulsion.* "For myself," she remarks, "I believe that all these and many more could be advantageously tried in different localities; I would see the instincts and habits of the people express themselves in a free choice in every community; and I am sure that distinct environments would call out distinct adaptations." She adds: "My ideal would be a condition in which all natural resources would be forever free to all, and the worker individually able to produce for himself sufficient for all his vital needs, if he so chose, so that he need not govern his working or not working by the times and seasons of his fellows. I think that time may come; but it will only be through the development of the modes of production and the taste of the people." Voltairine de Cleyre is as tolerant in her choice of methods as in her presentation of ideals. She speaks of non-resistance and of violent rebellion as both necessary, each in its time and place. She sees value in organization, education, agitation and assassination. "Ask a method? Do you ask Spring her method? Which is more necessary, the sunshine or the rain? They are contradictory—yes; they destroy each other—yes, but from this destruction the flowers result. Each choose that method which expresses your self-hood best, and condemn no other man because he expresses his self otherwise."

In Voltairine de Cleyre's writings I find brain and emotion often at war. Like every great nature, she saw all around a subject, and her very breadth of view makes her seem inconsistent. She hesitates between love and hatred, and she exclaims: "No man is in himself a unit, and in every soul Jove still makes war with

Christ." In 1902 she went so far as to say: "The spread of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace' and 'The Slavery of Our Times,' and the growth of the numerous Tolstoy clubs having for their purpose the dissemination of the literature of non-resistance, is an evidence that many receive the idea that it is easier to conquer war with peace. I am one of these. I can see no end of retaliation, unless some one ceases to retaliate." But a few years later found her throwing herself, with all her energy and enthusiasm, into the Mexican Revolution. She hesitates between action and her desire for seclusion. She hesitates between art and life, and finds a solace for life's disappointments in esthetic ecstacy and the inward vision. She hesitates between a coherent intellectual attitude and the sheer nihilism which makes it, at times, impossible for her to see life other than as "a vast scheme of mutual murder, with no justice anywhere, and no God in the soul or out of it."

Above all, she hesitates between life and death. Pessimism lurks below the surface of everything she has written, and she felt, at times, a strong inclination to give up the battle altogether. Her days were so unhappy that one is tempted to say of her, as of many another genius before her: "Her work was a success; her life was a failure." But, as she herself observed, "out of the blackest mire the whitest lily blooms." Her character became great through suffering and in spite of suffering. Voltairine de Cleyre failed to win happiness. But she won something that may be more precious —the satisfaction that comes from honest self-expression and from the exercise of rare intellectual gifts. Her writings will be an inspiration to humanity for generations to come, and her name will grow in fame and in honor as the ideals for which she fought are realized.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

CHICAGO, ATTENTION!

AS I have announced in last issue of MOTHER EARTH, I am returning to your city for three week's earnest and, I hope, interesting work.

I will open the English course of propaganda lectures at the East End Hall, Erie and Clark Streets, with "War, and the Sacred Right of Property," to be followed Monday, October 26, with "The Immorality of Prohibition and Continence." Wednesday, October 28, "The Betrayal of the International."

Monday, November 2—"The Sham of Culture."
Wednesday, November 4—"The Czar and 'My Jews.'"
Monday, November 9—"The Misconceptions of Free Love."
Wednesday, November 11—The Twenty-seventh Anniversary of the death of the Chicago Anarchists. (Other speakers will also address the meeting.)
Admission to these lectures, ten cents.

In the Assembly Hall of The Fine Arts Building:

Sunday, November 1—"The Psychology of War."
Sunday, November 8—"War and 'Our Lord.'"
Sunday, November 15—"Woman and War."
Reserved seats 50 cents. General admission, 25 cents.

My drama talks will take place in the Assembly Hall, Fine Arts Building, as follows:

Tuesday, October 27, 8 P. M.:
INTRODUCTION.

Thursday, October 29:
THE SCANDINAVIAN DRAMA—
Henrik Ibsen: The Comedy of Love.
August Strindberg: Lucky Pehr.
Hjalmar Bergstrom: Karen Borneman and Lyndgard & Co.

Saturday, October 31:
THE GERMAN DRAMA—
Gerhardt Hauptmann: Hannele.
Herman Sudermann: The End of Sodom.
Max Halbe: Youth.

Tuesday, November 3:
THE FRENCH DRAMA—
Eugene Brieux: The Red Robe.
Paul Hervieu: In Chains.
Henry Beque: The Vultures.
Henry Bataille: Plays to be announced later.

Thursday, November 5:
THE ITALIAN AND SPANISH DRAMA—

Gabrielle D'Annunzio: The Daughter of Jorio.
Guiseppe Giacosa: Sacred Ground.
Jose Echegaray: The Great Galetto.

Saturday, November 7:

THE ENGLISH DRAMA—

George Bernard Shaw: Mesalleance and Fanny's First Play.
Charles Rann Kennedy: The Idol Breaker.
John Galsworthy: The Mob.

Tuesday, November 10:

THE AMERICAN DRAMA—

Plays of Butler Davenport, George Middleton and others to be announced later.

Thursday, November 12:

THE JEWISH DRAMA—

Jacob Gordin: The Slaughter.
Sholem Ash: The God of Vengeance.
David Pinsky: The Zwee Family.
Max Nordau: A Question of Honor.

Saturday, November 14:

THE RUSSIAN DRAMA—

Maxim Gorki: Summer Folk.
Anton Tchekhov: The Three Sisters.
Leonid Andreyev: The Life of Man and Savva.

Course tickets, reserved seats, including a year's subscription to MOTHER EARTH, $3.00; single ticket, 50 cents.

I will also have four propaganda and four drama lectures in Yiddish. Propaganda meetings: Friday, October 23, October 30, November 6, November 13, at 8 P. M., at Hod Carrier's Hall, Harrison and Green Streets. Drama lectures in Workman's Hall, West 12th Street: Sunday, October 25, November 1, November 8, November 15, at 3 P. M.

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Tickets on sale for all the meetings, at *The Little Review*, 917 Fine Arts Building; at The Radical Book Shop, 817½ North Clark Street, or at Dr. Ben L. Reitman's, 3547 Ellis Avenue. By mail, checks payable to Margaret Anderson, 917 Fine Arts Building.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

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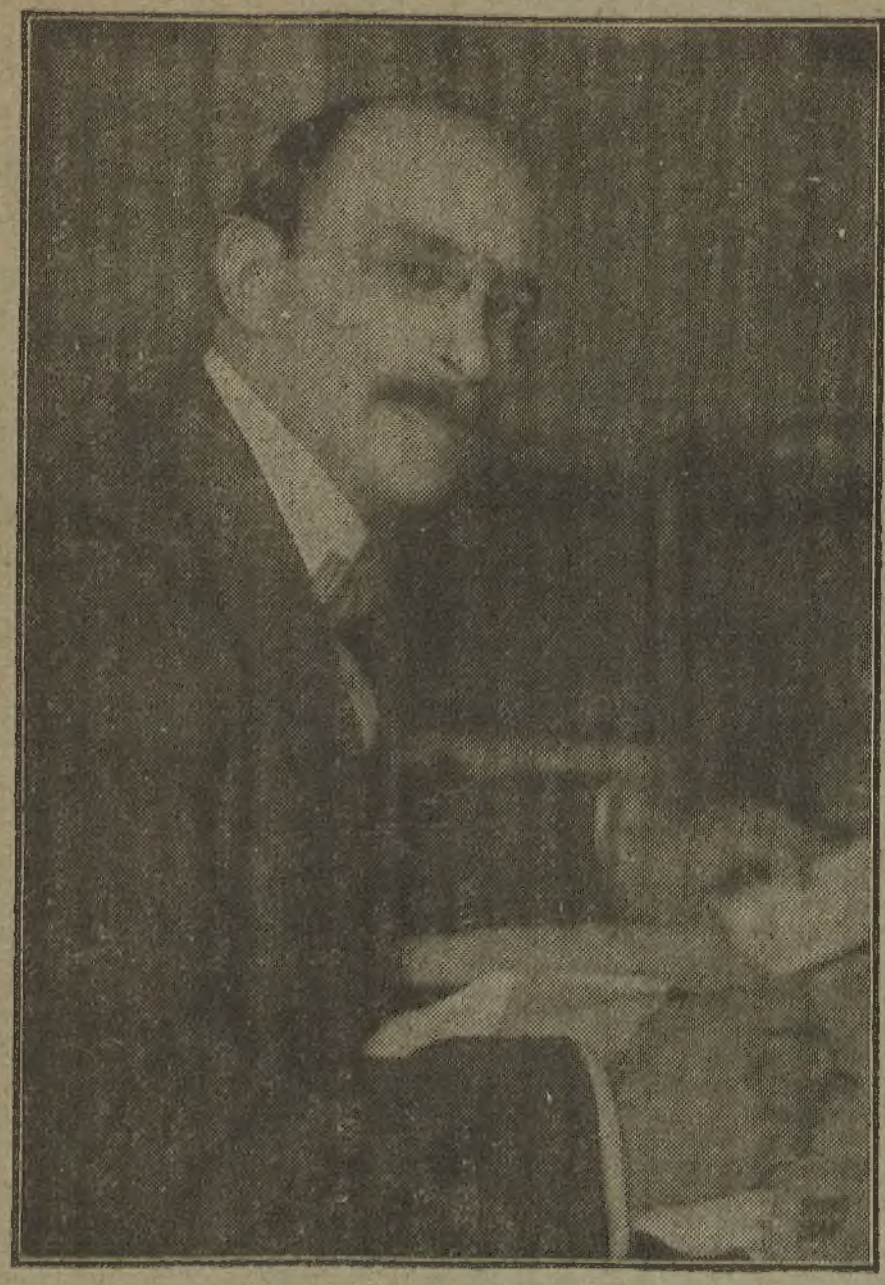

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